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MY QUEEN

MARION MARLOWE IN DENVER

OR THE TRAGEDY OF PIKE'S PEAK

BY GRACE SHIRLEY

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Here Is Health

53 Leading St., Cleveland, O.,
Oct. 7, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Remedies have completely cured me. I was troubled with weak lungs and chest, and also had catarrh. I *know* the Slocum System is the best in the world, and I will recommend your medicine to all who may be in need of Remedies of their character.

Yours truly,
HARRY L. LYON.

McComb, Pike Co., Miss.,
Oct. 2, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that your Remedies have entirely cured my little girl of scrofula and I feel very thankful to you for all your kindness.

Yours respectfully,
MALISIA ADISON.

Wesson, Copiah Co., Miss.,
Oct. 4, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your kind letter I wish to say that since taking your Remedies I am sound as a dollar. I believe had it not been for your medicine I would now be in my grave. I feel very thankful to you for the cure that was performed in my case, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. VAN NORDEN.

Woodland, St. Joseph Co.,
Oct. 9, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—My little boy had catarrh in the head very badly. When he was five years old I saw your medicine advertised and tried it and he now is entirely cured. I can highly recommend your medicine to anyone.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ASA TABER.

Grove Park, Alachua Co., Fla.,
Oct. 19, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, also the Remedies that you sent at my request and hope you will pardon my long delay in writing to you to recommend your good medicine. The pain in my breast has vanished and I am feeling a great deal stronger than before. I shall recommend your Remedies to all in my town who are suffering from consumption or any disorder of the throat, chest and lungs. Thanking you very kindly for what you have done for me, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
M. T. BOOKER.

Oran, Onondaga Co., N. Y.,
Sept. 5, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—The cough which has troubled me so long is now entirely gone, and I owe my restoration to your wonderful Remedies. I am getting stronger every day, for which I feel very thankful to you, and shall recommend your Remedies to everybody.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. H. DARLING.

For All Who Have Weak Lungs

FREE

These Four New Preparations comprise a complete treatment and cure for nearly all the ills of life.

The **Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil** is needed by some, the **Tonic** by others, the **Expectorant** by others, the **Jelly** by others still, and **all four,** or any **three,** or **two,** or any **one,** may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of four of the remedies represented in this illustration.

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By the **New** system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick body are supplied by the FOUR distinct remedies constituting his Special Treatment, known as the Slocum System.

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The four remedies form a bulwark of **strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you. **They Cure.**

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MY QUEEN
A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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Marion Marlowe in Denver;

OR,

THE TRAGEDY OF PIKE'S PEAK.

By GRACE SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE NOTICE.

"If Miss Marion Marlowe will call at the office of Waldo & Wilson, Attorneys at Law, she will learn something to her advantage."

This announcement in a Denver morning paper attracted the eye of a handsome young man as he sauntered into the barber shop of one of the best hotels in that fine Western city.

He re-read the paragraph attentively as he seated himself in a chair, and was so deep in thought that some one entered and spoke to him twice before he answered. "Well, I'll be jiggered! Where the mischief are you, anyway, doctor? Are you solving a Chinese puzzle or adding up the stock quotations? Dr. Reginald Brookes, the handsome leading man of the Temple Theatrical Company, looked up at last from his paper, the next minute he was pointing out the paragraph to his boyish-looking questioner. "Read that, Bert, and tell me what you think of it," he said, shortly.

Bert Jackson, the youthful comedian of the company, glanced at the notice and then gave a whistle of astonishment.

"By Jove, doc! What do you suppose it is? Maybe somebody has died and left her a fortune."

"Or, perhaps, some one is up to tricks again! I'm mighty suspicious of it, Bert!" was the cautious answer.

Bert Jackson put both hands in his pockets and stood beside his friend's chair. The attendants were all busy, so there was time to talk a minute.

"I did hope we were going to get out of Denver without any tragedies," he said, gloomily. "I've got so I dread them, doc, for they all bring harm to Marion! She is no sooner out of one scrape than she's into another."

"She has certainly been unfortunate," was the doctor's thoughtful answer, though truth

is stranger than fiction. Such a career as Marion Marlowe's has not had a parallel, as far as I know of, and to think that she is only a young girl straight from her father's farm! Yet she seems a victim of destiny. If it wasn't for her cleverness and courage, she would have been killed a dozen times over."

"More'n that," said Bert, running over a few incidents in his mind. "Why, her life has been in danger in nearly every city that we have played in. She's been kidnapped, abducted, chucked off a train, sandbagged, black-jacked, shanghaied——"

"Hold on!" cried the doctor, laughing. "It's not quite so bad as that, but it would have been about the same if she had, for we were nearly crazy about her. Anyway, this is the time when I take a hand in the deal! I'm going to make a call upon Messrs. Waldo & Wilson! He started from the chair with a look of determination in his dark blue eyes, but Bert's hand was placed rather heavily upon his shoulder.

"Better get your shave now you are here, old man. You'll be able to talk better if your chin ain't so prickly."

The doctor laughed as he reseated himself in the chair.

"That's just like me," he said, jovially. "I forgot my face entirely. I forget everything, my boy, when I am thinking of Marion."

"So we do all of us," chirped Bert, as he, too, dropped into a chair. "Why, when I think of her troubles, I imagine I am not here on this earth at all! I can feel little red-hot flames creeping all over me, and hang me if I don't smell brimstone, old fellow! It is hades itself to think of what she has suffered! Then, when I picture her pretty face and her glorious voice—well, then things are different, very different, doc! I can see golden harps and no end of halos, and I almost feel the wings sprouting out of my shoulders."

"In other words, her smile is heaven," murmured the doctor, dreamily. "Well, you are not the only man who has thought so, my dear Alberto."

"No, and I won't be the last, not by several carloads, I fancy!" retorted Bert. "Such beauty as Marion's was intended for no one man. She was created to be worshiped by the whole *genus homo*. It would be a monumental catastrophe if Marion should marry!"

"You mean that no one man will ever deserve her," went on his friend. "Well, I guess you are right, but all men are selfish. They desire, oftentimes, what they do not deserve, but I am not so sure that is anything against them."

"Kindly excuse me from replying! I'll continue in our next!" blurted Bert, as a skillful barber began tickling his throat with a razor.

There was a quarter hour of silence, and a little later the two sallied forth and, as soon as they reached their room in the hotel, they both looked again at the paper.

"Hello, doc! Are you there?" called a voice in the corridor.

"Come in, Olcott!" was the answer, as the doctor folded the paper.

Orrin Olcott, the "villain" of the company, came in, smoking a cigar.

"Well, if this ain't a great town," he began, glibly. "Every man I've met since we struck the place has got a lode and——"

"Gee, whiz!" broke in Bert. "Is that what they call it? Now, in New York, we say a 'jag' when we speak of that condition, Olcott!"

"Come off! I mean a 'claim!' retorted Olcott, laughing. "They are all going around with a ton or so of 'specimens' in their pockets, and all they talk of is 'pay streaks' and 'chlorides.' Every blooming one of them is daft over the prospect of getting rich some day when the mines up in the mountains are a little better developed."

"Well, I'm sure I hope they will," said the doctor, amiably, "and, in the jargon of the country, I'd like to 'corral the tailings.' There's wealth to burn in the Rockies, Olcott!"

"I hope we pick up a few handfuls, then," was the laughing answer, "but what I really came to say is that we start for Colorado Springs in the morning; then it's only five miles to Manitou, and then—hurrah for Pike's Peak and a view of the country!"

"Have you seen Mr. Temple?" asked Bert, growing interested.

"Yes, and he's arranged everything all O.

K. He says the treat is on him, as it is the last act in our *répertoire*. The curtain falls, you know, upon our engagement at Denver.

"Yes, I know, and I'm all-fired sorry," was Bert's doleful answer, "but Temple is all right; we will appreciate his final 'blow out.'"

"Oh, he's a dandy manager, and no mistake about it!" said Olcott. Bert and the doctor winked at each other, but neither said a word, although it was their own plan to visit Pike's Peak, and they were sharing the expense of the trip between them.

Olcott paid no attention to the wink, but went on enthusiastically: "I've found out everything I can about the route. Got the time-table down fine and all that sort of thing, and now I must buy some alpenstocks or good stout canes so that the ladies will not get tired with the climbing."

"Rats! Who is going to climb?" asked Bert. "Why, I'm going up on a bicycle, and sawbones, here, is going in an automobile! What's the matter with your getting a balloon for yourself, Olcott, and we'll charter a Pullman to carry the ladies!"

"Oh, no, you won't, Bert!" called out a merry voice.

Olcott had left the door open and now two young ladies stood upon the threshold. One was Marion Marlowe, the beautiful young girl who was the star of the company, and the other was her dearest friend, Miss Alma Allyn.

"Alma and I have decided how we shall climb the mountain," she continued, gayly. She is going up on the wings of love, while I —well, I have a pair of roller skates that I think will answer!" There was a shout of laughter and the girls ran away, followed by Olcott.

"Two of the noblest girls in the world," said Bert, quickly, "but shall I call them back, doc? We forgot the paper! Marion ought to know that thing that is to her advantage!"

The handsome young physician's hand closed over the paper.

"No, don't tell her yet, Bert, until I have talked with Mr. Temple. It would never do in the world to show it to Marion!"

"She'd go pell mell into some trap or other, sure!" said Bert, soberly. "I guess you are right, doc; we'll look after her this time! Bert, come on; it's getting late! Let's show the thing to the manager. The two young men strolled out, thinking of only one thing. They both loved Marion and they were determined to protect her, but alas! man and destiny are unequal foes, and, as Dr. Brookes had said, destiny claimed this fair girl.

The two young men were thinking of her many misadventures, and both were determined to protect her against such experiences in future.

CHAPTER II.

BAD NEWS AND GOOD.

Mr. Temple was in his office, and, when Dr. Brookes handed him the paper, he studied the paragraph, curiously.

"That's strange! Why, Waldo & Wilson are the leading attorneys of the town," he said, briefly. "There must be something important behind it, or they would not insert such a notice."

"If the 'something important' is fair and square, why didn't they write a letter like gentlemen?" asked Bert, indignantly. "I can't see why they should resort to a 'personal' when they have only to open their eyes to see that she is our star! There's a hundred lithographs of her in this blooming city!"

"That does look strange," was the manager's answer. "Still, if it is a hoax of any kind, Waldo & Wilson will be quite as indignant as any one. They have the kind of reputation that must not be tampered with."

"Suppose you call on them, as you are her manager," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "I hate to see Marion go anywhere alone nowa-days. The minute she is out of sight, I begin to get the fidgets for fear that Chicago experience is about to be repeated."

"I think we had better show the notice to Marion," said Mr. Temple, after a minute, "and then I can go as her business manager, as well as her escort. Certainly, if it is a legal matter, she is entitled to a witness."

"I do hope none of these Western chaps are suing her for unrequited love or blighted affections," said Bert, laughingly. "There

have been perfect armies of them hanging around the stage door every week, and it's kept Miss Allyn and me busy sampling all the boxes of candy."

"These Denver fellows have good taste, all right," was the doctor's answer. "She has a stock of gold nuggets that are worth a small fortune, and, as for souvenirs from Pike's Peak and Yellowstone Park, why, one end of her room is a regular museum of natural history. There's no denying the fact that Marion is appreciated in Denver, but here she comes now, so you can show her the paper."

The young girl came in with her friend, Miss Allyn, and, as Mr. Temple beckoned to her, she ran over to his side and handed him a spray of white larkspur.

"It's one of Colorado's pet flowers; put it in your buttonhole, quick!" she said, gayly, and then do tell me what you are all so glum about! Has the property-man absconded with the wigs or have we a rival company playing in Denver?"

"Worse than that," said Bert, with a mysterious shake of the head; and just at that moment Marion's bright eyes caught sight of the paragraph.

"Oh, what do you suppose it is?" she cried, wonderingly, as she clasped her hands together. "There's no one in the world who could die and leave me any money unless it is my aunt, Mrs. Frederic Stanton!"

"Not much danger of her doing it," grunted Bert, disgustedly. "She's too mean either to die or to leave you any money. You mark my words, every cent of her dough will go to that poodle that you have told me of."

"Poor poodle! Dogs don't like dough!" sighed Miss Allyn, as she took a step forward and leaned over Marion's shoulder.

"I would rather she would leave it to the poodle than any one I know," said Marion, with her eyes still fixed upon the paragraph, "but, if it don't mean a fortune, what can it mean? I must go this minute and solve the mystery."

"But not alone!"

Dr. Brookes spoke decidedly.

"No, you must not go alone," chimed in Mr. Temple.

"I'll go and speak to the police and call out the fire company. There'll be no flim-flam game this time," said Bert, laughingly.

"Why can't you all go with me?" asked Marion, innocently.

Bert winked at the doctor and then answered, mischievously:

"His joblots, the lawyer, might object! No doubt he wants to propose to you or something on that order. Going to offer you his heart and home and has chosen an original way of doing it. He even has the nerve to say that it is to your advantage."

"Oh, Bert! You are so foolish!" said Marion, laughing. "Do be serious a minute and tell me what you really think they mean! I am too stupid to think of anything that can possibly be to my advantage. Really, I am so happy as I am, that I don't believe I could be any happier!"

"Spoken like our Marion!" cried Bert, dramatically. "Why, really, in spite of the tragedies in her life, that girl is as serene as ever! Nothing can tempt her from our loyal circle, not even a genuine live commodore with a ranch in Arizona! No use talking, there's only one Marion Marlowe, and the Temple Theatrical Company has the honor to have her as its guiding star!"

There was a general smile at Bert's allusion to the ranchman, but Marion's dimpled cheeks flushed a pretty pink as she recalled the bluff old lover that she had left behind in Omaha.

"If any one could tempt me to 'wander from my own fireside' it would certainly be the commodore," she said, laughingly, "but, at present, I am too well satisfied to even yearn for a ranch in Arizona. Still, I am very anxious, indeed, to solve this mystery, so come with me, Mr. Temple! Don't let us lose a minute! There is plenty of time before matinée to call upon the lawyers."

She was so eager to go that Mr. Temple did not hesitate, but rose at once and took his hat and gloves and was ready to accompany her.

"Some one to see you, sir," said one of the attachés of the theatre, at that instant.

Mr. Temple paused with his hand upon the door.

A brisk, businesslike young man was

standing before him with a look of inquiry written upon his features.

"I am the head clerk from the office of Waldo & Wilson," he began, bluntly. "We have just learned that the Marion Marlowe whom we are looking for is an actress in your company. No doubt she has seen the notice in the morning paper. Now, would you be so kind as to identify the lady?"

Mr. Temple turned and pointed toward Marion, who was standing in breathless silence listening to the message.

The young man drew a newspaper picture from his pocket and coolly proceeded to compare it with the young girl. After a moment's scrutiny he returned it to his pocket.

"I guess it's all right, but, of course, she can prove her identity later," he said, brusquely. "We've had important news for her for nearly three days, but the old commodore was so indefinite in the wording of his will that——"

There was a startled cry from Marion that checked his words, and the cry was promptly echoed by every one in the office.

"I beg your pardon; I supposed you knew that he was dead," said the young man, in some surprise. "I came simply to ask her to call at our office," he added. Then he raised his hat and turned to leave the office. "Of course you will call on us at once," he added, as he went out. "We are anxious to settle the matter as soon as possible."

Mr. Temple bowed. He could not answer. The news of the ranchman's death had shocked him terribly. For the next few minutes they could think of nothing but their sorrow; then Marion and her manager drove directly to the office of Waldo & Wilson.

CHAPTER III.

IN LOVE OR NOT?

"One hundred thousand dollars! It doesn't seem possible!"

Marion gasped the words as she sat in Mr. Waldo's private office, with Mr. Temple waiting for her on the other side of the thin partition.

The clever lawyer nodded his head gravely, but there was a crafty look in his eyes as he studied the beautiful girl's features.

For days he had been wondering what Marion Marlowe was like. He had tried to picture her constantly ever since that will came into his possession.

The firm of Waldo & Wilson had been the commodore's attorneys in Denver for several years, and the lawyer had always looked enviously upon the ranchman's money.

Now the old fellow had died from the result of his wound received while defending himself and Marion from highwaymen, who had attacked them when on a sleigh ride, and here was a hundred thousand dollars of his wealth going to this young girl, Marion Marlowe.

As he talked blandly with the astonished heiress, he was thinking deeply, and, with the skill and cleverness of his craft, he was studying her frank character.

Word by word he led her to tell him of herself, of the farm she had left, of the old parents and the two married sisters, and, lastly, of her plans and ambitions for the future.

Marion was so saddened by the news of the commodore's death, that the lawyer's gentle words were wonderfully consoling.

She looked into his handsome face and felt deeply grateful for his sympathy, and long before she left his presence, she felt strangely drawn toward him. As soon as she was outside she whispered the good news to Mr. Temple, who was anxiously awaiting the outcome of the interview.

"The dear, kind man! To think of his leaving so much money to me!" she sobbed, as she seated herself in the carriage to ride back to the theatre.

"He was good and kind, indeed," was Mr. Temple's sad reply. "The head clerk was telling me that there was nothing explicit about the will. He merely divided up his property among his numerous friends, and the sum which you mention was left to Marion Marlowe. That is why they were so long in locating you. It seems they sent to Omaha before they even knew you were an actress."

"And I am an heiress now, or I will be, as soon as I get the money. That will be something, I suppose," said Marion, wiping her eyes. "Oh, I shall never feel right about that money! Do you really think I have a right to take it?"

Mr. Temple thought a minute before replying:

"I can see no reason why you should not accept it," he said, at last. "The old commodore fell in love with you and wanted you to be his wife. Whom should he leave his money to, unless to the woman whom he thus honored? Of course," he went on, slowly, "he had a great deal more money than that, and that is one reason why it is right for you to accept it. To a man of the commodore's means, this amount is only a handsome present."

"It is a fortune to me!" cried Marion, impulsively. "Oh, Mr. Temple! Just think of what I can do! There are so many that I can help with a hundred thousand dollars!"

Mr. Temple looked at her sadly, for he was sick at heart. This fortune had put another barrier between them. He was only a poor man, and now Marion was an heiress.

He had loved her dearly before, but now there was an added pain in his heart, for she had slipped beyond his grasp forever and ever.

He might have won her in time, if things had continued as they were, for Marion had not yet shown a preference for any of her lovers, but he was too honorable or too sensitive to think of pressing his suit now, for the world would only say that he was after her money.

As Marion talked eagerly of her plans, he tried to smile at her pleasantly, but a great darkness had come upon his soul, and he could hardly keep from crying out in his misery.

Dr. Brookes was a rich man, so there would be no such barrier to his wooing. As the thought flashed into his brain, an old bitterness surged into his heart. For the hundredth time, perhaps, he was jealous of the young physician, and, this time, he was too thoroughly unhappy to even make an attempt to conquer the feeling.

It was a great relief to him when the theatre was reached, and he could lock himself into the seclusion of his office.

Marion hurried to her room, where she found Miss Allyn and Miss Ellis, the *ingénue* of the company, waiting for her, and the tears ran down her face as she told them of the commodore's kindness.

"Now, Marion will have more admirers than ever," said Miss Ellis, after the tears were wiped away. "She's turned the heads of hundreds by her beauty and talents. Now, what will they do when they hear she has money? Oh, I just envy you, Marion! You dear, sweet girlie!"

She was half in fun, yet she did envy Marion, but it was the envy that is born of honest admiration.

"Tell us about the lawyers," said Alma Allyn, suddenly. "Were they surprised to find that you were such a young girl, and did they tell you what the commodore did with the rest of his money?"

Before she was half through her question, Marion was blushing furiously, for the face of the soft-voiced Mr. Waldo had not left her mind for a minute.

"I only saw one of them," she began, in some confusion; "and, oh, Alma! He was so gentle and sympathetic! Not a bit like the cold, cruel lawyers that you hear about! Why, he really seemed to sympathize with my sorrow in every way, and, oh, I nearly forgot! he is coming to the theatre to-night! I must do my best, for I am sure he is a great critic!"

"He'll have something to do to find fault with you, girlie," laughed Miss Allyn, proudly. "Why, every newspaper in Denver says that you are grand in the part, and the houses speak for themselves—they have been packed every evening."

"Nevertheless, I think I shall try a little harder than ever," answered Marion, with a shy smile curving her lips. "I don't exactly know why, but I would like to please Mr. Waldo. He is one of the most fascinating men that I ever saw; but dear me, Alma! What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing dear!" said Miss Allyn, laughing. "But take my advice; don't go to that office alone again, Marion! I verily believe you've fallen in love with the lawyer!"

She winked at Miss Ellis mischievously, and then both the girls glanced sharply at Marion.

The young star's eyes were downcast, and

her cheeks were crimson. It was evident that something strange had happened to Marion.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ANXIOUS QUESTION.

"Gee whiz! What a crowd! It's the biggest house we've had yet!" whispered Bert, to the doctor, as he peeped through a hole in the curtain, while the orchestra was playing, just before the evening performance.

Dr. Brookes took a peep, and his face grew radiant.

"Marion was magnificent at matinee this afternoon, and, of course, as this is our last performance, every one wants to see her," he said, joyfully.

"Those two lawyers, Waldo and Wilson, are in a box," said Mr. Deering, the stage manager, coming up. "I saw them in the lobby, and had a talk with them. They both spoke of our star's marvelous beauty, and Waldo expressed himself very enthusiastically, it seemed to me. He left a basket of flowers with one of the ushers that will be passed over the footlights later."

"It's the only theatre we've seen in some time that would allow that," remarked the doctor, "and how these Denver chaps have taken advantage of it, but, by the way, Mr. Temple, what do you think of those attorneys? They tell me that Waldo is especially clever."

The manager was just passing, and was obliged to reply, but he hardly looked at the doctor as he answered his question.

He stroked his mustache nervously, as he tried to control his voice. There was a struggle going on in his soul, but he was striving not to show it.

"He is clever, all right," he said, finally; "but I like Wilson better. He is frank and out-spoken, while his partner is smooth and oily. They are as opposite as black and white, in my opinion."

"There's no flaw in the commodore's will, I hope," said Bert, quickly. "I'd feel dreadfully if anything should happen that Marion did not get that money."

"There's no flaw in the will. The commodore was too clever for that," said Mr. Temple, almost bitterly. "Marion will get her money, every penny of it, Bert, but, of course, it will be some time before everything is settled."

"I'd hate to be a lawyer," said Bert, with a grin. "It can't be very pleasant to be forever settling fortunes for other people, and holding a lot of boodle in trust that don't belong to you. It must be an awful temptation to monkey with a will or to tuck on a few fees that you are not entitled to. Now, Waldo & Wilson, for instance—they make a specialty of wills, I hear. Of course, they get a big fee, but what is that in comparison to the wealth they handle. I'll bet it makes them envious just to read the figures."

"Well, lawyers haven't the name of being over honest," said the doctor, thoughtfully; "and I did hear that Waldo was a tricky fellow, but, of course, one hears that about all successful lawyers. They say he is a wealthy man, but just a bit of a miser."

"Mr. Wilson is free enough," said Mr. Temple, absently. "He is something of a philanthropist, I am told, by men who know him. I asked a few questions just to corrobborate what I had heard of his reputation."

"Has any one seen Marion?"

Alma Allyn asked the question softly, as she made her way between two canvas groves and a farmhouse that were just being shifted to their proper positions.

"She isn't in her dressing-room, and neither Miss Ellis nor Mrs. Burnside have seen her! Do, somebody, get out a search warrant for her at once. You know we are to start fifteen minutes earlier to-night, and, perhaps, she has forgotten."

Bert darted off of the stage in one direction, and the doctor and Mr. Deering in another, which left Alma and Mr. Temple standing in the center of the stage together.

"I never saw Marion so nervous as she was to-night," began Miss Allyn, anxiously. "I suppose it is all on account of getting that money. The poor girl feels dreadfully about the commodore's death, too. She has said over and over that she will never recover from the shock of it."

"It is perfectly natural for her to feel

badly, for he was certainly a fine fellow," answered Mr. Temple, slowly, as he drew her out of the way of a heavy piece of scenery that was just being placed. "But don't worry about Marion! She'll come out all right. She played superbly this afternoon, and she'll do better to-night. The applause when she appears will put her on her mettle."

Miss Allyn moved away a few steps and then turned back.

"Mr. Waldo, the lawyer, called on her at the hotel just after matinée," she said, slowly. "Do you know, I believe he is just a little bit sweet on her."

Mr. Temple laughed, harshly, and his brow clouded as he spoke.

"We can't blame him for that," he tried to say, carelessly, "but Marion will take care of herself, never fear! But I must leave you now and go around to the box office. I want to count the house during the first act and the second. I find that my man is not over particular."

He hurried away with a scowl upon his face, and, as Miss Allyn turned to leave the stage, she came face to face with Orrin Olcott with little Ruby, the child actress of the company, upon his shoulder.

"Hello, what's wrong with Temple?" asked Olcott, under his breath. "He looked as black as a thundercloud! Has any one riled him?"

"Not that I know of," began Miss Allyn, when Bob Hinton, the "calcium man," interrupted her.

"Don't you understand what ails him?" he asked, in a whisper. "He's got on one of his jealous tantrums again! Has to have them now and then, you know! Poor fellow, he can't help it!"

"Who in the world is he jealous of now?" asked Miss Allyn, smiling. "Why, Marion has shown no preference for any one that I know, so the manager need not fear that he is going to lose her."

"It isn't that," said Hinton, shaking his head. "It's that money that's bothering him. I understand the manager. He thinks he'll lose her now for good and all, for, of course, she'll leave the stage as soon as she captures the boodle."

"Clear the stage!" called the stage manager, just at that instant.

There was a wild scamper for the dressing-rooms, and, just as Miss Allyn reached her own door, she nearly collided with Marion.

"I found her!" shouted Bert, who was hurrying with his costume. "She was down in the scene-room, gazing at a tinfoil moon and planning how she was going to spend that fortune!"

"Oh, Bert! What a fib! I was not thinking of the money at all! I was running over my lines and trying to calm my nerves! Really, I am at a loss to know what ails me, Alma!"

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, and her voice trembled a little. In an instant her friend drew her into the dressing-room and closed the door behind them.

"You are upset over the commodore's death and the money, dearie," said Alma, gently. "It is enough to make any one nervous and hysterical. Why, I was astonished to see how well you played this afternoon. If it had been me, I am sure I should have gone all to pieces!"

Marion wiped her eyes and shook her head dolefully; then, with an impulsive movement, she laid her head on her friend's shoulder.

"Alma," she whispered, brokenly, "I want you to answer me a question. Do you really believe there is such a thing as love at first sight? Don't laugh at me, please, for I am very serious."

Alma Allyn put her arm tenderly around the fair girl's waist, and there was a little quiver in her voice as she answered, soberly:

"I suppose there is, Marion. We certainly hear of it often. But, my dear, dear chum, do not be afraid to tell me all. Do you really think you have fallen in love with the lawyer, Mr. Waldo?"

Marion started up suddenly and glanced at her friend's smiling face, then, once more, her head drooped and her sweet lips trembled.

"I don't know, Alma! I really don't!" she murmured, softly. "I only know I like him very, very much; and, oh, I am so nervous and scared when I think of playing before him!"

Alma bent and kissed her, but there was no time to say more, for the curtain was up and the audience was clamoring for the heroine.

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING WRONG.

As Marion advanced toward the center of the stage there was a moment of silence which was followed by a sound of applause that fairly shook the building. She was dressed in a robe of trailing white satin with a girdle and necklace of milk white pearls, and her rich, chestnut hair bound down with narrow white bands in the Grecian fashion.

The young girl was positively superb, both in face and figure.

Suddenly Marion's great luminous eyes swept the sea of faces before her and the audience knew she was looking for some one.

The applause ceased suddenly, and the young girl should have begun her lines, but something had evidently happened that held her speechless, and for one long minute, the great audience stared in amazement.

The young actress' eyes were riveted at last upon the face of Homer Waldo, the lawyer, who was seated in the right proscenium box, on the level with the stage.

The lawyer was alone now, and was leaning forward, gazing at her intently, and, as the audience stared, the members of the company, who had congregated in the wings, were also staring in an agony of consternation.

"He has mesmerized her! Oh, go on, some one, and do something!" whispered Alma Allyn, sharply. "Marion is in a trance! She must be or she would not stare so! Do hurry, somebody, and think what to do! In another minute some one will hiss her."

"If she would only speak her first lines and give me my cue," groaned the doctor, as he set his teeth together, savagely.

"Let little Ruby go on and give her a kiss! She's clever enough to say something, I am sure! Once get her eyes from that man's face and the spell will be broken," murmured Mrs. Burnside, in agony.

But Marion was recovering her self-possession now. There was a half-scared look upon her face, then her lips tightened resolutely. The next second she turned from the fatal box and glanced appealingly at her audience.

Another storm of applause encouraged and cheered her—with a graceful movement she swept forward toward the footlights.

"Safe!"

Dr. Brookes murmured the word as he heard Marion's sweet voice speaking her lines, a little hurriedly at first, then gradually growing calmer and calmer.

She had won the struggle with something, she knew not what, but not for the world would she glance toward that box again! For some reason she dreaded to again encounter the gaze of Homer Waldo.

Dr. Brookes heard his cue and was on the stage like a flash. As his manly voice rang out clearly the young girl seemed to regain her courage.

Mr. Temple watched her from the rear of the stage, but he could only understand in part what was happening before his vision.

"She loves him or she would not show such joy at his appearance," he thought, as he watched them; then he shut his teeth savagely and stroked his mustache to hide his nervousness. Over and over again he had been jealous of his leading man, but always, until now, he had been able to conquer it, but now, with that great gulf of his own poverty yawning between them, he could not quite forgive this young man for being in love with Marion.

He went into his office and locked the door. He could not bear to look on at the love-making upon the stage, for every tender speech of the leading man cut his heart like a two-edged sword.

What had happened to Marion he did not know, nor was he in any condition to consider it at that moment.

Meanwhile, each member of the company was working heroically. They meant that their last performance in Denver should be long remembered by their audience.

Marion had recovered entirely by the second act, but Alma could see that she was goading herself on with her magnificent will,

and she trembled for fear a reaction would follow.

"She must be in love," she decided, as she watched her, "and love to Marion will mean something far more serious than to most girls! Oh, I do hope he is worthy of her, my peerless darling!

But Marion did not "go to pieces." She grew more and more superb, and, as the curtain fell on the final act, a perfect storm of applause rewarded her.

Over and over again they demanded her return, and a perfect garden of flowers was passed over the footlights.

At the very last moment Homer Waldo rose in his box and tossed a magnificent bunch of roses at Marion's feet.

In an instant the blood rushed to the young girl's face.

She longed to turn and thank him with one grateful glance, but she did not dare for fear of what might follow.

As she stood almost trembling in her excitement. Dr. Brookes raised the flowers and handed them to her.

The curtain fell as her white hand closed over them, and the lawyer disappeared from the box a moment afterward.

When Marion reached her dressing-room, she would have been besieged with questions, but Miss Allyn promptly locked her in and put the key in her pocket.

Then the two young women sat down and stared at each other. There was no need of words to express their consternation.

"What does it mean, Alma?"

Marion asked the question tearfully. She was flushed and almost panting from the strain of the evening.

"I am sure I do not know, dearie," was Miss Allyn's thoughtful answer. "He seemed to be looking you through and through! I stood right where I could see him plainly and I could see something in his look that frightened me. He—he admires you, exceedingly, but that is not it. There was something else, but I can't explain it."

Marion's eyelids fell and her lips trembled as she answered:

"That is the way he looked this morning in the office and this afternoon when he called. Oh, Alma, do you really think he admires me so much? I don't know why it should, but it makes me very happy to think so! He is so clever and wise, you know. Why, he is one of the leading lawyers of Denver! It doesn't seem possible that he can admire a poor young actress!"

"Humph! As if you were not the peer of any lady in the land!" cried Miss Allyn, indignantly. "I do wish you would stop making so little of yourself, Marion! But I think I understand what ails you, dear. We've done an awful lot of traveling and you have been through so many thrilling adventures that it isn't any wonder your nerves have given out. I shall ask the doctor to prescribe a tonic to-morrow; and then, perhaps, our climb in the mountains will brace you up. You are tired out, little sister, and no wonder, I say! So now jump into your street clothes! The doctor and Bert are waiting!"

"And you don't think it is love, Alma?" asked the young girl, shyly.

Miss Allyn laughed gayly, but there was an anxious look in her eyes.

"I'm not an expert in love affairs, so I really can't say," she said, sweetly, "but oh, Marion, how I shall watch you and that searching-eyed lawyer!"

CHAPTER VI.

A DILEMMA.

"No Pike's Peak to-morrow! Mr. Temple has the epizoötic or *tic douloureux*, or something or other, so you need not turn out until the regulation hour in the morning!"

Bert shouted the words through the keyhole of Marion's door as he went to his room.

He had just left the manager in the Turkish bath in the basement.

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Miss Allyn, who was sitting, all doubled up, on the foot of her friend's bed. "Now, what shall we do to fill in the day in Denver?"

Miss Ellis was rocking herself back and forth, Turk fashion, on one end of a wide couch, and as Miss Allyn asked the question, she made a suggestion.

"Oh, let's go and visit the refineries; I've never been through one!" she cried. "We've seen the Capitol, the court-house, Wolfe Hall

and Brinker Institute, and I've had parks enough to last me a lifetime!"

"I have an engagement at the lawyers' at ten," said Marion, softly; "but, of course, I expected Mr. Temple to go with me. What is the matter with him, do you suppose? You can't tell anything by Bert. I remember now that he did look strange this evening."

Miss Allyn gave her a sharp look, but she did not reply. She knew it would only pain the girl to know Bob Hinton's opinion of what ailed the manager.

"He'll be all right to-morrow, probably," she said, as she began braiding her hair for the night.

"I presume he is tired out, like the rest of us. Mr. Temple is not over strong to be doing so much traveling."

"Well, there's not much more to do," said Miss Ellis, sighing. "We'll soon be back in New York wondering what we'll do next, or at least, that will be my fate. The rest of you are more fortunate."

Miss Allyn flushed prettily and smiled at herself in the glass.

"Yes, I shall go to work on my wedding trousseau," she said, gayly, "and the next thing will be the wedding day and then the honeymoon! I am not penetrating the future any farther than that," she added, laughing.

"And Marion will be an heiress and not obliged to work any more," said the *ingénue*, a little wistfully. "I don't envy her exactly; still, I do just a little. Oh, dear, it is awful to have a boy for a lover! Just think, Bert has three years of college life before we can be married!" She breathed such a heavy sigh that both girls laughed at her.

"That is the folly of loving early," said Alma, chidingly. "Twenty-five is quite young enough to marry, in my opinion."

"Horrors! Do you suppose I could wait seven years?" cried Miss Ellis. "Why, I am morally certain that three will kill me! It seems like an eternity—that college course! I'd almost rather that Bert should live and die in ignorance!"

"Well, he couldn't do that very well, college or no college," laughed Marion. "Bert is wise beyond his age, and it is wonderful, too. Why, just think, the poor dear boy never had a single advantage, but there are very few city-bred boys who are his equal or superior!"

"Bert is a wonder in every way," said Alma Allyn, decidedly, "and, really, I pity you, girlie, for having to wait so long for him. But he is sure to distinguish himself and now is your chance. You must try to be a famous actress, so that Bert will be proud of you."

Miss Ellis drew another sigh and her face clouded pitifully.

"I'll try, of course, but I am sure it will be useless! I have not an ounce of talent or genuis or anything else in me!"

"Good gracious! What a vacuum!" laughed Miss Allyn, teasingly.

"Well, have a sandwich quick and then go to bed. Perhaps things will look more rosy in the morning!"

The *ingénue* took her advice and said good-night. When they met again it was at their nine o'clock breakfast.

None of the gentlemen of the company were up so early, so as ten o'clock drew near Marion grew a little uneasy.

"I am sure Mr. Temple is ill," she said to Miss Allyn. "Now, what shall I do, Alma? Shall I disturb him or not? Don't you think it will be just as well if you go to the lawyer's with me?"

"Certainly, I'll go!" said Miss Allyn, promptly, then she sent a bell boy to inquire after the health of the manager.

The message came back that Mr. Temple was in a high fever; Bert was sitting with him and had sent for a doctor.

"Now, what in the world does that mean?" asked Miss Ellis, quickly; "why isn't Dr. Brookes with him, I should like to know?"

Miss Allyn tried to shut her off, but she was too late. Marion's wondering eyes were asking the same question.

"No doubt the doctor is asleep, and they do not wish to disturb him," was the quick explanation; "I'll run up and see, Marion; it won't take but a minute. Bert isn't much use as a nurse—so I may be needed."

As she ran away, Marion glanced at her watch. In exactly ten minutes she was due in the lawyers' office.

Whom should she ask to go with her if Alma did not come back?

As she asked herself the question, she glanced around the table.

Mrs. Burnside had only just ordered the breakfast and, besides, she had her child, little Ruby, to attend to, and Miss Ellis was hurrying in order to get out to do some shopping, while Ida Inez, the soubrette of the company, had just left the table to write a letter to her son, whom she had recently placed in a boys' school in Chicago.

There was no one she could ask without inconvenience to them; she dreaded to go alone for some reason or other.

As she was trying to decide, a boy brought her a card.

In an instant her brow cleared and she felt almost happy.

Mr. Wilson had come for her and was in the parlor. She breathed a sigh of relief that it was not Mr. Waldo.

"There is only one paper to sign," he said, as she joined him a moment later. "It will take but a minute of your time, Miss Marlowe, but it is really obligatory that you come to the office and, as I was obliged to pass the hotel, I could not resist stopping for you."

Marion explained her dilemma, and the lawyer laughed good-naturedly.

"Then my call was opportune, and I am glad," he said, courteously. "I will bring you back in a half hour or, perhaps, even sooner."

Marion stepped into his carriage and was whirled away. In ten minutes they reached the firm's spacious chambers.

As Mr. Wilson opened the door of his private office to usher her in, his head clerk called to him in a tone of excitement.

Marion stepped into the cozy office and the door closed behind her.

The next moment Mr. Waldo rose from his partner's desk and took a step forward. There was a word of greeting as he saw who it was—then Marion felt a hot, eager hand close over her cold fingers and she was led forward to a seat close beside the handsome lawyer.

CHAPTER VII.

AN AVOWAL.

For a moment Marion's heart seemed to stand absolutely still, yet, marvelous to say, the sensation was pleasant.

This man's presence affected her strangely enough, each tone of his voice sent a thrill through every fibre, and she seemed attracted toward him by some subtle influence.

Could it be that she loved him? It was impossible to tell. All she knew was that as he murmured the merest commonplaces in her ear she seemed to feel absurdly happy.

Suddenly it occured to her vaguely that he was still holding her hand and that she had been sitting in his office for nearly five minutes.

During that time he had been talking constantly of her acting, although Marion knew that his compliments were almost too flowery, yet she seemed to lack the spirit or dignity to resent them.

She drew her hand from his timidly, and after this, her courage came back to her. She must not and would not yield to the sweet sensation that seemed overpowering her!

For what did she know of this fascinating man, except that he was a lawyer with a great reputation?

Was he noble, honorable, chivalrous and just?

She had known him far too short a time to be able to answer any of these questions. As she raised her eyes slowly to his face, she found him smiling down at her, but there was a look in his eyes that puzzled her exceedingly.

"You are frightened, little one," he said, in his wonderful voice. "You are not accustomed to words of praise or, rather, you will not believe what I say is true, that you are a most charming actress."

"I am very glad, indeed, that you think so," she murmured, softly, "but it is true that I cannot believe quite all you say. I know I have talent, but oh, no, not genius! I must work hard for my laurels, Mr. Waldo, if I ever wear any."

"You are too modest to see your own genius," was the musical answer, as the law-

yer once more placed his hand over hers and leaned a little nearer, as if to scrutinize her features.

Marion drew her hand away quickly and almost rose to her feet.

"Pardon me, but I am detaining you," she tried to say firmly; "Mr. Wilson brought me here to sign that paper. Shall we call him, Mr. Waldo, or have you it ready?"

A curious smile curved the lawyer's lips, but he turned at once toward the desk and began searching for the paper.

As he opened a secret drawer and began turning over the contents, the shrewd man deftly changed the conversation.

"Your leading man is very handsome and very talented," he said, pleasantly; "who is he, Miss Marlowe, if it is not an impertinent question?"

Marion was only too glad to speak of her friend, and her voice rang with enthusiasm as she answered promptly:

"He is Dr. Reginald Brookes, of New York, and a very rich young man," she said, simply. "He is on a vacation, and Mr. Temple talked him into playing with us! I think he is grand, especially in the third act, where he does the love scene. Really, if I did not know that his own vocation was even more noble, I would dread to see him leave the profession.

The lawyer glanced at her keenly as she spoke and read every line of her features. She was not in love with this young man, then, as he had half expected.

"And the comedian, he is a handsome fellow, too," he went on, as he still fumbled over his papers.

"Bert is a positive genius!" laughed Marion, who was beginning to feel at ease. "He was a poor boy all his life, but has recently been adopted. His foster-father is a railroad president and very rich, so, of course, you understand, Bert is only acting for a pastime."

"An extraordinary company, I should say," remarked the lawyer, dryly.

Marion laughed aloud and went on, almost gayly:

"Miss Allyn, our 'leading heavy,' as we call her, is a newspaper reporter—or she was. She will marry as soon as this tour is over—the rest of the company are genuine 'professionals.'"

"All but yourself, Miss Marlowe!" said the lawyer, suddenly, as he turned and faced her. "You were never intended to live such a life, for, in spite of your victories, you are but a puppet for the public! No, Marion Marlowe, you were intended for another sphere! Your proper place is upon the shrine of some great man's soul. You were created to be worshiped, to be adored, my peerless one! You were intended for love and love only, Miss Marlowe!"

He was gazing into her eyes now and his voice was resonant with harmony. As Marion stared into his face, she could hardly believe her senses.

Did this great lawyer really love her, that he could look and talk like that?

Her breath came in gasps as she asked herself the question. Not for one instant did she dream the truth—which was, that this great lawyer was also a great actor!

Little did she imagine that the greed of gold was stirring every drop of blood in his veins, and that this seeming burst of passion was but the subterfuge of malicious envy.

Her money had tempted him first, then she herself, but the latter would not have moved him without the former.

All the cunning of his nature was being exercised now, as this incipient miser sat gazing so admiringly upon her.

"Yes, Marion, you were intended for love," went on the musical voice. "Your face, your form, were created for man's adoration! You should be lifted from the field of toil and hidden in the sanctuary of love, surrounded by the brightest flowers of earth—the offerings of man's true devotion! As I looked at you last night, I nearly cried aloud in my agony! Did you not feel my heart throbs, Marion, even at the distance that lay between us? Did you not know in your soul that my soul was crying out to you? Tell me, Marion, beautiful Marion, did you feel that you could love me?"

The words had been spoken softly, but each syllable vibrated with eagerness. When the last tone fell upon her ear, Marion sat like one spellbound.

What was there in this man's wooing that

thrilled her through every fibre? Was it but the music of his voice and the spell of his eyes, or was it that at last she was experiencing the grand passion of loving?

With a desperate effort Marion raised her head and looked at him. The lawyer was actually trembling in his eagerness to have her answer.

"Marion! Marion! Can you love me?" he whispered again. "See, I am mad with adoration! I cannot live without you!"

Marion staggered to her feet. Her brain seemed almost bursting. With an impulsive movement she reached out one hand to him.

"To-morrow! I will answer you! to-morrow!" she murmured, under her breath.

There was the sound of some one approaching that both heard distinctly. In an instant the lawyer caught her hand and covered it with kisses, then, with astonishing coolness, he arose as Mr. Wilson entered.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAS IT LOVE?

Marion signed the paper with a trembling hand; then bowed her "good-morning" without a glance to accompany it.

Mr. Wilson talked to her pleasantly during the short drive to the hotel, but Marion listened like one in a dream, for she was thinking of Mr. Waldo.

"How should she answer the lawyer's plea?"

She whispered the words aloud as she reached her apartment.

Did she love him or not?

It was a puzzling question, but, away from his presence, she seemed able to consider it.

Whatever might be the outcome, she must decide for herself. It was a matter upon which not even her friends could help her. In the midst of her reflections Alma Allyn came in. She had been sitting with Mr. Temple and had forgotten the visit to the lawyers completely.

"I may as well tell you the truth, Marion," began her friend, bluntly. "Mr. Temple has worked himself into a pitiful state. He is actually so jealous of the doctor that he has developed a fever!"

Marion's eyes flew open in positive surprise.

"Oh, Alma! How dreadful! I can hardly believe it! Why, I thought Mr. Temple had conquered that folly! What in the world has happened to revive it, Alma?"

Miss Allyn sat down with a disgusted air.

"Some men are such geese!" she said, with a scowl. "Why, as near as I can make it out, the manager has been living in hopes. He has thought right along that his chances were as good as the doctor's, and that he might possibly be able to win your affection. Perhaps he thought the doctor would propose again and that you would turn him down, and he'd give up the race and go away. You know that is what your old lover, Archie Ray, did, Marion, but it is very evident that he doesn't know the doctor."

"But I don't understand," said Marion, in perplexity, "what has happened recently to excite his jealousy? Have I shown any preference for the doctor's society?"

Miss Allyn sighed and shook her head.

"No, but you have had the misfortune to become an heiress," she said, dryly, "and, as Mr. Temple is sensitive about being poor, he sees that he can never again propose marriage honorably while, on the other hand, the doctor is rich——"

She could get no further, for Marion interrupted her.

"How positively absurd? As if money made any difference," she said, sharply. "If I loved Mr. Temple at all, would I not love him poor, as well as any other way? You are perfectly right, Alma! Some men are geese! As if money could make any difference with true affection!"

"Well, that is what I told him, but it's no use," said Alma, dolefully. "I've been talking like a 'Dutch uncle' to that man all the morning."

"I know how to cure him!" Marion spoke the words sharply.

In an instant she was fairly trembling with excitement.

"Oh, Alma, go right up to his room and tell him this: Tell him that Homer Waldo proposed to me this morning and that that—I think him one of the most attractive

men I ever met and—well—that I am not quite sure but that I will marry him!"

Miss Allyn sprang from her chair as if she had been shot.

"Marion Marlowe! What do you mean?" she burst out, wildly.

"Exactly what I said," murmured Marion, who was on the verge of tears. "Oh, do tell him, Alma! It may avert a catastrophe! At least it will save him from having bitter words with the doctor."

Miss Allyn walked as far as the door and then came back and put one hand gently upon Marion's shoulder.

"So you did fall in love at first sight, eh, Marion? Well, be very careful, darling, and try to analyze your feelings. There are so many sentiments that are akin to love. Decide wisely, Marion! For Heaven's sake, decide wisely!"

She turned and left the room, closing the door behind her.

The next moment Marion was lying on her bed in a fit of hysterical weeping.

It had come to her so suddenly, this strange sensation, that it could not help distressing her in its coming.

All joy, all happiness, had vanished now, and for a time, her spirit seemed overshadowed by something dark and ominous, something that was vague and indistinct, yet pregnant with reality.

"Did she love him or not?"

The question seemed to mock her. If it were some desperate move that she must decide, it could not torture her more cruelly.

Over and over again the face of Reginald Brookes rose before her, and she began comparing the two in her mental vision. The doctor was so candid, so fearless, and, withal, so tender and true; yet she had never felt this mysterious sensation in his presence, and the glamour of fascination had not enveloped him.

She sat up after a little and tried to reason it out, but, after ten minutes of hard thinking, she was no nearer a solution.

Why should the sentiment of love make any one unhappy? Why, she ought really to be in the "seventh heaven" of delight, yet here she was actually crying her eyes out.

She rose from the bed and looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes red from weeping.

"It can't be love! It is just an infatuation," she whispered aloud. "I think he is handsome and very attractive, but how can I love a man whom I do not know—whom I never even heard of until yesterday morning?"

The reaction was coming and Marion was wise enough to understand it. This clever lawyer had fascinated her senses—he had magnetized her with his brilliancy, but she did not really love him.

She drew a long breath when she had thought it out and then, with a parting glance at her heavy eyelids in the glass, she sat down to write the lawyer a letter.

For several minutes she sat staring at the blank sheet of paper before her, for her mind seemed to be wandering obstinately. So Mr. Temple was still jealous for fear she loved the dctor. As Marion recalled Alma's words, she smiled very sadly.

"Oh, I never was so near loving in my life!" she burst out, suddenly. "He is so wonderful, and his voice is heavenly! I never heard such a voice! It is just like music!"

The pen was thrown down and Marion rose to her feet.

There was a tap upon her door, and she went immediately to open it.

A magnificent basket of orchids was handed to her by one of the bell boys of the hotel and, almost involuntarily, she knew they were from the lawyer.

As she placed the basket upon the table a dainty note slipped from the mass of blossoms and, as the young girl took it in her hand, the blushes mantled her very forehead.

It was from Mr. Waldo. She knew the handwriting at once. Marion held it a moment, for her hand was trembling violently; then she did a thing which she had never done before—she raised the tinted note to her lips and kissed it fervently.

"That is for the sensation that I feel, whatever it is," she whispered dreamily. "It may be love and it may be infatuation—whichever it is, it is perfectly heavenly!"

A moment later she seated herself again at the table. She had read the note, and a

great calmness had come upon her. Her hand was steady now and she could write her letter.

CHAPTER IX.

IN MARION'S ROOM.

When Miss Allyn came back she found Marion reading over her part with the basket of beautiful flowers standing on a table near her.

She had dispatched her note to the lawyer and bathed her eyes, so there were no traces to betray her turbulent emotions.

"From Mr. Waldo," she said, quietly, as she touched the flowers. "Aren't they lovely, Alma! I just love orchids!"

"And do you love Mr. Waldo, Marion?" Miss Allyn asked, quickly.

Marion flushed, but she was able to answer calmly: "No, Alma, I do not think I do. I like him very, very much, but I do not love him! This morning, when I was with him, I thought I did, but now I am sure I do not. Can you understand it, Alma?"

She looked at her friend wistfully, for she was still greatly perplexed, but Miss Allyn seemed able to explain the mystery.

"It is a form of magnetism, I fancy," she said, slowly. "Some men attract us like magnets and we can hardly resist them. It is something in our natures that we cannot control, but I am sure it would be dangerous to yield to it wholly. Just imagine the result if one should become thoroughly magnetized! We'd lose the stick-to-itiveness completely, Marion!"

"You mean that the object that attracted us would cease to be attractive, and that it would be looking about for other worlds to conquer!" laughed Marion.

"Well, that's about it," replied Miss Allyn, dryly, "but listen to my news about Mr. Temple. The man has come to his senses in the most wonderful manner! Why, I had all I could do to keep him from hugging the doctor."

Marion clapped her hands. They had been heroic measures, but, if they had achieved good results, it did not matter.

"And what did the doctor say?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, he did not take it joyfully, exactly," was the laughing reply, "but he was able to hide his feelings as usual. Still I could see that it was a tremendous effort."

"Well, they shall neither of them know definitely whether I love Mr. Waldo or not until Mr. Temple has entirely recovered from his foolishness," said Marion, decidedly.

"Poor Mr. Temple! Of course I am sorry for him, but I did hope that he was getting over his jealousy, Alma."

"He'll never get over it altogether," was the answer; "but here comes Miss Ellis and I am sure she has some news! You can always tell by her step whether she is sad or happy!"

The *ingénue* rushed into the room almost before she finished.

"They've got it, every word of it!" she cried, waving a daily paper. "Here is a full account of Marion's experience in Omaha with Commodore Dickson and, what do you think, they say it is a million! Just think of it, Marion! You are reputed a millionairess!"

The fair young girl laughed heartily as she glanced at the paper.

"No one ever gets a news item straight except you, Alma," she said, gayly. "Do you remember how you used to write me up when you were on the *Star*? Why, between you and Howard Everett, the dramatic critic, I was the best-boomed girl in the world—isn't that what you call it?"

"That is it, Marion! and you did credit to our 'booming!'" retorted Miss Allyn. "Why a thousand times I have wished that I was the advance agent for this show! Oh, I could write 'ads' about you that would set people crazy! I should have implored Mr. Temple to let me put my talent to some use during our tour but alas, I didn't!"

"What! And have an audience of lunatics? Pray excuse me, Alma," laughed Marion. "I prefer that when people come to see me they shall be in their sane and sober senses!"

"They'll have to be different from the houses that you have been drawing lately, then," cried Miss Ellis, laughing, "for if they haven't gone mad with admiration I don't know what you call it! Why, there were

women in the galleries last night that yelled like Indians!"

"And men in the pit that whooped like cowboys! Oh, the audience was a typical Western one, I can assure you," said Mrs. Burnside, who came in at that minute.

"Well, there was one man in the house who did not make any noise," said Miss Ellis, with a sly glance at Marion, "and that was the one who hypnotized our star. He did not make a sound, but oh, how he did look! If that wasn't admiration, I never saw it."

Marion's face had grown crimson while the *ingénue* spoke, and, as quickly as she could, Miss Allyn changed the subject.

"Some people have to yell to show their enthusiasm," she said, gayly, "and, certainly, Marion deserved their praise last night! I shall never forget out last performance in Denver!"

"It's the one town that we have played in that there have been no tragedies," remarked Mrs. Burnside, soberly; "now, if our visit to Pike's Peak is only a success—and I am sure it will be," she added, looking eagerly at Marion.

"Oh, it must be, Mrs. Burnside!" cried the young girl, quickly. "I have heard so much about Pike's Peak, and I just love climbing! But who knows when we start? Is it to-morrow morning?"

Mrs. Burnside nodded her head with a happy smile.

"To-morrow, at eleven," she said, as she rose to leave the room.

"Ida Inez is going to take care of my baby, so that I can go. That will make exactly eight in the party."

"I hope Mr. Temple will be well enough," said Miss Allyn, slowly.

"I am sure he will! He must be!" laughed Miss Ellis, "but oh, I forgot to show you my boots and alpenstock, Marion! I bought them this morning, and Bert bought quite a number—alpenstocks, I mean. He has one for each of you."

"And has he hired a guide?" asked Marion, eagerly.

There was a war-whoop just outside of the door, and then Bert answered the question.

"There'll be no end of guides when we need them, Marion! But here's a bit of news for you—we are to have an addition to our party. Mr. Temple has just told me that Lawyer Waldo was going!"

"Lawyer Waldo?"

Miss Allyn repeated the name with a look of surprise, but Bert merely nodded his head and went on hilariously:

"Yes, the lawyer is going with us, or rather, he is going to join us somewhere on the route. It seems he and Mr. Wilson have been planning a trip to Manitou, and Mr. Waldo was just in to see Temple while you folks were making your toilets and, as near as I can make it out, the manager invited him on your account, Marion; but, as that is none of my business, I won't ask any questions," said Bert, laughing.

Marion caught her breath and her cheeks paled a little; then, with an involuntary movement, she glanced at the clock on the mantel.

She had sent her note just an hour ago. No doubt Mr. Waldo had not been there when it reached the office. When he read her reply, he might change his mind about accompanying them, but—the thought flashed into her mind, did she really wish it?

CHAPTER X.

A FIEND.

When Marion next saw the lawyer she was astonished to find him as calm and courteous as ever. If he was disappointed at her refusal he did not show a trace of it.

They had visited the Garden of the Gods and Cheyenne Canon, and were now climbing the rugged mountain on the little Manitou and Pike's Peak railroad.

As Marion gazed almost spellbound upon the panorama below her, the lawyer suddenly leaned over her shoulder.

"Our Western country is superb, is it not, Miss Marlowe?" he said, quietly. "And you, a perfect child of nature, must enjoy it greatly. It is my opinion that only country-bred people can really enjoy the country, for they alone know every secret of nature."

Marion's heart beat faster at each tone of

his voice, and she was glad when Miss Allyn leaned over and answered him.

"Mysteries are quite as delightful as revelations, Mr. Waldo," she said, gayly. "We admire what we cannot understand, sometimes; but do tell me—what class of human beings are indifferent to fine scenery? Why, one must be devoid of soul not to worship nature!"

"And such scenes as these!" murmured Marion, dreamily, as her great eyes swept the landscape before her.

The rest of the company were absorbed in contemplation, and the sudden halting of the car jarred harshly upon them.

As Marion stepped her foot upon the rugged soil, she found the lawyer beside her. It was his arm that was offered to her to assist her in climbing.

A score of enthusiastic tourists were scanning the rugged sides of the mountain, each eager to out-do the other in scaling a little higher, and, in a very few minutes, Marion's party had caught the fever and were using their alpenstocks like experienced climbers.

"Here's a guide! Ain't he a dandy!" called out Bert, suddenly, as a strapping half-breed Indian in buckskins suddenly appeared before them. "Now, let's stroll around a little. He'll keep us from getting lost. There's no use hugging the car-tracks all the while we are up here!"

Bert's suggestion was taken, and a deal was made with the guide; then the party followed his lead to the very apex of the mountain.

A glorious vista spread before their gaze.

On their way back they stopped near a rocky ledge and Marion perched gracefully upon one of the gigantic boulders, her soul awed with the magnificent panorama.

Mountain peaks towered in the distance, their tops glistening with silvery snow, while below her rolled and tumbled an ocean of fleecy clouds which separated now and then and gave her glimpses of yawning chasms and dark canons, through which roared innumerable mountain cataracts.

She was so absorbed in the scenery that she forgot all else. When she suddenly awoke to her surroundings, the lawyer still stood at her side, but there was not a sign of the rest of her party. A little cry of terror escaped her lips as she glanced about eagerly in the hope of seeing them.

"Oh, we have let them go on without us, Mr. Waldo!" she said, with a flush of consternation. "Will you not shout or whistle? We must not lose them!"

Her look of anxiety was answered by a pleasant smile.

"Have no fear, Miss Marlowe," said the lawyer, quietly. "I know the mountains as well as any guide. Five minutes' descent down the mountain will bring us to them."

"Then let us go at once!" said Marion, quickly, as she gave him her hand to help her down from the boulder. The moment his hand closed over her own the young girl trembled. The same sensation of helplessness was stealing over her that she had felt in his office.

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast. The pathway was rough, and she needed his assistance. Almost panting with her anxiety to catch up with the others, Marion sprang lightly over the rocks with her companion leading her.

Suddenly she stopped short in the path and looked about her. They were above the clouds now.

There was a storm approaching, and it was rapidly growing dark.

"Oh! what shall we do? We must find the others!" she cried, sharply. "How stupid it was of me not to keep them in sight! Yet I don't quite understand their going on without me."

"They knew that they could trust you with me, little one."

The lawyer spoke gently; but there was something in his voice that made Marion turn and look at him.

The man was watching her closely, but the calmness and indifference had gone from his eyes, and they were fairly scintillating with some violent emotion.

Before Marion could speak again, he moved a little nearer to her. The wind was beginning to blow, and the air was growing cold and sharp.

"So you do not love me, Marion, and you will not marry me," he said, in a low, harsh

voice. "Well, you do not know me, my girl, if you think I will take 'no!' for an answer! Ha, ha! As if Homer Waldo would accept a refusal, and from a child like you! The thing is preposterous, Miss Marlowe!"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Marion, in a perfect agony of alarm. His words had made her see him in a new light, and she was changed instantly.

"Quick! Lead me back to my party! How dare you detain me?"

She was crimson with indignation, and her great eyes were flashing. As Homer Waldo gazed at her he seemed to suddenly become inflamed with passion.

"You are magnificent—glorious!" he muttered, in her ear. "Look, Marion! the storm and darkness are almost upon us, and you are in my power! I ask you once more—will you try to love me, Marion?"

The young girl drew back haughtily as his breath swept her cheek. There was a huge gust of wind that seemed, for a moment, to shake the very foundations of the great mountain below her.

"Back! Don't dare to touch me!" she almost shrieked; then her voice rang out like a bugle blast, only to be swallowed up in the roar of the wind.

The lawyer laughed fiendishly as she shouted again and again; but there was no answer to her cries.

What should she do?

It was a horrible question. The wind was blowing fearfully now, and the darkness seemed to envelop her.

"Marion, listen!" whispered the lawyer's voice in her ear. "There is no need to shout, for I have paid that guide to lead your party out of sight and where the wind will not carry your voice to them. Once more I ask you—will you be my wife? It is your last opportunity to answer the question voluntarily!"

"What do you mean?"

Marion's cheeks were like ashes as she spoke. She suddenly realized what this fiend's intention was.

A harsh laugh followed, and then these words were hissed into her ear.

"You shall never escape me, Marion; for I love you! Do you hear? By fair means or foul, you will marry me, my beauty! It is for you to say; but you must decide this minute!"

"I will never marry you! Never! You are a fiend—a scoundrel!" cried Marion, hotly. "No one but a coward would treat a helpless girl like this! Oh, how I loathe and despise you, Mr. Waldo!"

In that instant Marion caught a glimpse of a solitary figure in the distance.

In a frenzy of despair she sent a last loud cry through the storm; then she felt herself lifted bodily from the ground by the strong arms of the lawyer.

CHAPTER XI.

AN HEROIC DEFENSE.

Marion struggled desperately; but it was of no avail. The man who carried her seemed possessed of extraordinary strength, and, moreover, he was as sure-footed on the treacherous side of the mountain as though he was treading the streets of Denver.

When he released his hold upon her she was inside of a natural cave which sheltered her from the tempest that was still raging about them.

But had he brought her here simply to protect her from the wind?

The poor girl's heart sank within her as she asked herself the question.

Her first impulse as her feet touched the ground was to fly from the place; but, in an instant she realized how useless her flight would be, for the scoundrel could easily overtake her, if, indeed, she succeeded in passing him.

She tried to scan his features in the dim light of the cave; but, for several minutes, while they both stood panting for breath, she could only distinguish the outlines of his athletic figure.

And to think that she had dreamed of loving this man!

The thought thrilled every fibre of her being with horror and repugnance.

Alma was right—it was a form of magnetism! The man was probably a mesmerist, like one she well remembered—the villain who had abducted her twin sister, Dollie, from their home in the country, and whom

she had seen commit suicide in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, New York. Would this be the fate of the ruffian who now confronted her, and who had exercised this diabolical power over her will, in spite of all her efforts?

She tried to calm herself and be prepared for what was coming; but the horror of her surroundings had unnerved her terribly, and she trembled involuntarily at the moaning of the wind through the cave.

Would he never speak?

She peered forward eagerly.

The wind was growing faint.

Perhaps, in a moment, she would be set at liberty. He could not be so fiendish, so dastardly as she had fancied.

With a desperate effort to be just, she leaned forward in the darkness, almost touching the lawyer's arm as he towered before her.

"Please let us go now, sir," she pleaded, softly. "See! the storm is over, and we can soon find my friends! You surely have no wish to detain me any longer!"

She waited in breathless silence; but there was no reply. Whatever were his plans, he was laying them with deliberation.

"Think, Mr. Waldo! How perfectly dreadful they will feel if they think I am lost!" she went on, eagerly. "Oh, I have been through such terrible experiences and have worried them all so dreadfully! Do, please let us go, and let us forget this awful conversation! You cannot mean to be so wicked! I am sure you cannot, Mr. Waldo!"

A low, hoarse laugh greeted her last agonized words, and the lawyer suddenly bent forward so that their faces were close together.

"Your friends will never find you until you have given me your promise to be my wife," he said, sullenly. "I will keep you here all night, if it is necessary, Miss Marlowe. As I told you before, I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"But you would not force my consent, surely," cried Marion, hotly. "You would not wish me to marry you if I loathed you, Mr. Waldo! Only a demon could desire such a thing as that, and you are a gentleman—a lawyer with a splendid reputation!"

Another laugh was his only reply. Her frenzied words had produced no effect, except to make him move a little nearer in the darkness; then, suddenly, the young girl felt his hand upon her shoulder.

She sprang back in horror and a cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, Bert! Dr. Brookes! Come! Come!" she cried, frantically. "Oh, will no one rescue me from this dastard! This fiend! Stop! You shall not touch me, you infamous monster!"

She had moved back in the cave as far as she could go, and, at her last, almost hopeless cry, the hand slipped from her shoulder.

"Once more, will you marry me, Marion?" asked the cruel voice. "Remember, love, honor and respect will attend our union if you give your free consent, but, if I am obliged to force it, what will be the result? You will be scorned by those who love you now, and——"

He could get no further, for Marion understood it all now. His true meaning had come to her like a flash as he was speaking and, the next instant, he reeled backward from the blow that her strong, white hand had dealt him.

"Coward! Knave!" she whispered, between her tightly-closed teeth. "I will defend my honor with my life, do you hear! As powerful as you are, I defy you to harm me!"

The flash of her eyes pierced the gloom of the cave, and as the lawyer steadied himself from the blow, a dull gleam from the sky struck full upon their hiding place and the weird beauty of the heavens illumined her features.

There was not a trace of terror in the wide gray eyes now, for Marion had forgotten fear in a new sensation.

This man's motive in separating her from her party was apparent now, and every drop of blood in her veins was on fire with indignation.

He intended to compromise her, if nothing more, so that she would be scorned by those who loved her—it was this that aroused all the fury in her nature.

"Let me pass!"

She spoke the words coldly, but with a

ring of determination. If he dared to refuse her she would not hold herself responsible for what might follow.

There was a loose piece of stone a few inches from her hand. With her eyes bent fixedly upon his face, she moved forward and seized it.

"Now will you let me pass?" she asked, in a furious whisper. "You have no child to deal with now, you perfidious scoundrel!"

The lawyer's face was livid and every limb was trembling with baffled fury, but, after a sharp glance into her face, he moved slowly backward. Would he let her escape to go to her party with this story of his villainy upon her lips?

The narrow opening of the cave was obscured as he moved slowly toward it, still facing her sullenly, but did she dare to follow?

All the tales of dreadful deeds that she had ever heard came back to her now and her limbs seemed paralyzed with the horror that was creeping over her.

Perhaps he would kill her, now that she had defied him so fiercely. There was something sinister and ominous about this silence.

Suddenly the darkness in the cave grew momentarily darker, then the coarse voice of the half-breed guide bellowed in at the opening. Marion gave a shriek of delight, which was followed by a gasp of agony.

In an instant, she had realized that a new danger awaited her.

"Quick! Bring her out of there, Jake, and follow me! That cave isn't as safe as the cañon will be! I'll double your fee if you bring her safely."

The lawyer spoke rapidly, like one who was desperate, indeed. Then, as he crept out into the sunlight, the guide took his place.

Marion's awful danger had increased twofold. She was now in the power of two inhuman monsters.

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The storm was, indeed, over and the clouds were flying across the sky and forming a scene of solemn grandeur, but poor Marion could not look upon the glories of nature now, for horror of her position had completely overcome her.

She had struggled frantically with this second demon, but her strength was like an infant's in comparison with his, and she was now so exhausted that she formed but a passive burden. Where were her friends? Had they forgotten her entirely?

She tried over and over to cry aloud for help, but her tongue and lips were dumb with terror.

The great gray boulders looked pitiless as she passed them upon her frightful journey down the side of the mountain.

Down, down, down, they went, the guide feeling his way cautiously, yet with the greatest ease, until Marion could hear the sound of turbulent water roaring through the cañon.

A bit of conversation reached her ears which added the last straw to her burden of horror.

"I tell them you at Silver Aspen. They wait there!" muttered the deep voice of the guide, with a fiendish chuckle.

The lawyer had reached a dangerous point, and was bracing himself firmly with his "stick" before he replied, but, as Marion caught a glimpse of his face, she saw that it was glowing with satisfaction.

"Keep them off of the scent for two hours longer," was the brutal answer. "By that time——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a sharp cry as the treacherous mountain stick suddenly snapped, making him pitch headforemost. Marion uttered a sharp cry, which was echoed by the guide, who had instantly placed her on the ground and darted forward.

But he was a second too late!

The lawyer had disappeared.

With a piercing cry, he went over a low precipice just ahead, and they could hear the dull thud of his body as it struck on the jagged rocks below them.

Marion's heart was beating wildly now, but for a moment she stood as if rooted to the spot, trying almost unconsciously to peer over the edge of the fatal precipice.

Her enemy had been punished, but what

a terrible death! Perhaps he was not even dead, only mutilated and mangled.

The guide had crept close to the precipice and glanced over eagerly. As he came back from the slippery edge he shook his head stupidly.

"Do you think he is killed?"

Marion asked the question with bated breath. She almost hoped that he would answer in the affirmative.

The fellow stared at her a minute and again shook his head. In an instant the brave girl had resolved upon something.

"Then you must save him!"

She had found her voice now, and the words were said sternly; at the same time she put her hand in her pocket and drew out some money.

The half-breed glanced at the bills greedily, but did not move.

He had thought of a way of securing that money without taking the trouble to rescue the lawyer. One look into his face showed Marion his thoughts, and in an instant she threw her whole soul into a tremendous effort to make him obey her.

"You must save him! You must!" she cried, almost frantically. "You cannot let him lie there and die of his injuries! I will expose you to every one! I will ruin your business! Go to him at once, if the thing is possible, or, if it is not, lead me to my friends, and they will help you!"

The fellow understood her and, for a moment, he seemed inclined to heed, but, after another glance at the threatening abyss, he shook his head even more savagely.

"Won't go down! Won't risk neck! Find friends for ten dollars," he muttered, with another greedy glance toward her money.

Marion had been gradually creeping nearer to the fatal spot, but she stopped as she saw the ugly look upon his features.

Perhaps, if she refused him the money, he would fling her over! She recoiled from him with horror and started back up the mountain.

"Come!" she said, sternly. "You shall have your money! The lawyer must lie there until I can find some one who is brave enough to go to his aid! Take me back to my friends!"

The fellow followed her sullenly, for she was climbing like a deer. It would be a minute, at least, before he could overtake her.

"Marion! Marion!"

The cry came echoing over the mountain, like a bugle blast. It was Bert Jackson's voice and, in a second, the young girl answered it.

"Oh, Bert! Come quick!" she shrieked, with all her might. "I am here! Come! Come! And oh, hurry!"

Her limbs were trembling under her, but her friends were at hand. As she toiled up a step farther, the half-breed's heavy hand fell upon her shoulder.

Marion still clutched the money and, in an instant, she held it out to him.

It might save her life, and it was only ten dollars.

Again Bert's voice came ringing over the spur of the mountains. It was like a beacon in the night leading to safety.

She looked behind her. The guide had gone. She caught a glimpse of his head as he disappeared behind a boulder.

But this treachery did not matter now that her friends were near. She had only to shout and shout to guide them in her direction.

But neither Marion nor Bert were familiar with the echoes in the hills and, in spite of her frequent halloing, Bert's voice grew fainter and fainter and, at last, to the young girl's horror, it faded out completely.

What did it mean? Had she been forsaken?

In utter weariness she dropped upon the ground and tried to think it over.

How far had she wandered and which way should she go?

Nothing but rocks, rocks, rocks appeared before her, and the bald peaks rose like bleak wilderness in every direction.

She shouted and shouted until her throat grew hoarse as she sat patiently; then rose as she felt herself growing cold and toiled on a few steps further, her thoughts reverting constantly to the injured lawyer, lying, perhaps, dead, perhaps dying, only a few rods below her. It was a frightful situation and night was coming on. As Marion

gazed at the panorama of the heavens she forgot all else for one brief instant.

Billows of purple clouds rolled between her and the valleys—great shafts of silver light darted from distant snow-capped mountains. Already the giant bouiders were taking on weird shapes and the mountain side was growing black with terrors.

It was all so horrible that, at last, the brave girl succumbed and a perfect flood of tears gave evidence of her agony.

She was alone upon Pike's Peak, and night was coming on!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAREWELL.

After a few minutes of rest she began the ascent again and. just as the last beam of the setting sun illumined the bald crest before her, she saw the entrance to the cave where the lawyer had taken her.

She entered it tremblingly. At least, it would give her shelter. The ground was dry and there was room to lie down. She had grown warm with the climbing, but how long would it be before she would become benumbed with the cold?

Of course, they would keep up the search all night, but how were they to find her, if she was hidden in this cave? She groaned aloud as she asked herself this question.

Suddenly it occurred to her to build a fire at the mouth of the cave; but this was impossible, for she had no matches.

Then she began thinking of signals, but there was nothing to hang one on. There was no tree within sight—only stunted growths of low bushes.

She gave up in despair, at last, and lay down upon the ground, after sending one more frantic call echoing through the cañons of the mountain.

Almost instantly she fell asleep, for her strength was exhausted; but it was a troubled sleep, which did not refresh her.

All at once, a bright light glowed upon her face and she awoke with a start. There was a cry of joy as she recognized Mr. Wilson.

"Thank God, I have found you!" the lawyer exclaimed, eagerly, as he turned the light of a lantern so that he could see her more clearly.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson! You will save me, will you not?" cried Marion, hysterically, as she held out both hands toward the delighted lawyer.

"My dear child! What do you mean?" he began, almost tenderly; then, as he took her cold hands in his, he tried to calm her excitement.

"I understand. You have been dreaming, and, of course, I frightened you! But how is it that you are alone? We thought Mr. Waldo was with you; still, I knew that could not be, for he is perfectly familiar with the trails over this section of the mountain."

Before he had finished, Marion was on her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson!" she cried, sharply, "Mr. Waldo has been killed! He is down there under that precipice. The guide would not save him! Oh, how can I tell you my horrible story!"

She covered her face with her hands and groaned in anguish, while the lawyer rubbed her hands to bring back the warmth and threw a heavy wrap around her, which he had brought for the purpose.

At last she told him all—and, oh, what a confession! As Mr. Wilson listened to the story of his partner's wickedness, his brow grew stern and he clenched his hands angrily.

"I knew it! I knew that he was growing money mad!" he muttered, as she finished; "but what a way to earn a paltry fortune! It was a dastardly scheme! Thank Heaven, he was foiled in it!"

"But we must try to save him," whispered Marion, weakly. "I did all I could, but the guide was treacherous. He would have murdered me, I believe, if he could not have gotten my money otherwise."

"Come! The others are near here, and I must tell my good news," said Mr. Wilson, suddenly: then he put his arm around her and half lifted her from the cavern. As the young girl looked upon the night, her heart seemed to stand still. She was safe now, and could appreciate the full glory of the heavens.

Such a moon and such stars! They were almost unfamiliar to her eyes. They shone with dazzling clearness in the limpid ether above her, while the vast magnificence of the spreading country that lay far below thrilled her soul with a feeling of awe and reverence.

Yet he, her cowardly enemy, lay silent beneath those stars!

The moon smiled upon him as sweetly as it did upon this other—the brave man who had braved the dangers of the mountainside to search for her and find her!

She looked up at him now, as he assisted her down a narrow, rugged path. He was still frowning with anger over her miserable story. Shout after shout soon greeted their ears, then a group of weird, dark figures appeared upon a ledge before them.

"Safe! Marion is safe!"

The shout nearly rent the rocks, for every member of the little party had shouted in unison, and the guttural voices of two mountain guides joined in the happiness.

When Bert and Dr. Brookes reached Marion, they caught her up between them and bore her to the rude camp that the guides had prepared for them.

A glowing fire was burning before a deep crevice in the rocks, and soon Marion was warmed and refreshed and able to again tell her story.

After she had finished, the two guides set out to find the wicked lawyer.

However, there were many cañons such as Marion described and, after searching for a couple of hours along the mountainside without success, they were compelled to return to the camp and wait for daylight.

By that time, Marion, who was half unconscious from exhaustion, would be able to lead them to the spot. So the others spent the night in low conversation.

The chill of the mountains was overcome by the rousing fire, which both Bert and the doctor took a hand in replenishing.

"We did not escape our tragedy in Denver, after all, it seems."

It was Mrs. Burnside who spoke, as she nestled close to Marion and folded her wraps about her in a protecting manner.

"And to think that my partner should have brought this frightful thing upon himself. I can hardly realize it," said Mr. Wilson, sadly.

"He must have been mad," said Dr. Brookes, scowling. "No man in his sober senses would have dared to resort to anything so horrible."

Mr. Wilson breathed a deep sigh, and bowed his head in sorrow, as he answered:

"He was mad; I am sure of it," he said, very distinctly. "For months I have noticed how greedy he was growing and, over and over, I have stopped him upon the verge of doing something dreadfully dishonest. No doubt the commodore's will was the climax to his malady. We have a million in trust for a relative of the ranchman and, when Waldo saw Miss Marlowe, he thought she was young and unsophisticated. If he married her, he would add her fortune to his many thousands. It was this madness that cost him his life! His greed has killed him!"

"That is, if he is dead," said one of the guides, quickly. "Men have pitched over that precipice before now and lived, but, of course, there were broken bones—that might be expected."

There was a movement of Marion's body and she awoke with a start, gave a little cry and then glanced sharply at the horizon.

"See—it is almost morning! We must go to his aid!" she cried. "The guides will lead us and we may save him yet! It would be awful, if he should die with that sin upon his conscience."

She had risen to her feet and the bright flames of the rude fire were dancing about her. No spirit of the mountains could have looked more weird; yet her friends thought only of what she was saying.

"Yes, we must go, before it is too late," said Dr. Brookes, promptly. "We can certainly get to him by some means or other. It will be daylight in an hour, and every moment is precious."

The hour passed swiftly and the little party set out. They were going to rescue the fiend who had planned so viciously to ruin the innocent girl whom they all loved so dearly.

Would they find him alive and suffering his well-deserved agony, or had his wicked soul gone to its retribution during the silent night upon the lonely mountain?

The quiet, sad-faced group of tourists who reached Denver the next night was a sufficient answer to the awful question.

The lawyer was dead and his partner had brought back his body, but, for the sake of his reputation, and because they believed him mad, Marion's horrible story remained a secret between them.

The guide, if guide he was, could never be found, and Mr. Wilson was inclined to believe that he was hired by his partner to aid him in the effort to compromise Marion.

It was a great relief to leave the beautiful city, but Marion's last look was toward the distant mountains.

What glory was theirs and what wondrous magnificence!

Then she shuddered as she thought what might have been her lot had not fate so mercifully turned the tables upon her enemy.

"It is so the world over, is it not, Alma?" she asked, softly. "There is no beauty without ugliness, no happiness without pain! Even success comes attended with bitter disappointment, and, as for love, well, the word almost mocks me now! I feel ashamed to think that I ever dreamed of loving!"

"That feeling will pass away, dearie," was her friend's wise answer. "And look, Marion, in spite of the distorted shadows, the mountains are beautiful! That is the way it is with love; the true sentiment is divine. Yours was only a delusion, dear—but you were innocent and it misled you!"

The young girls gazed into each other's eyes as they said good-by to the distant

peaks. They were on their way to New York and their hearts were throbbing with emotion.

Marion had come to Denver a poor girl dependent upon her own exertions. She was leaving the city an heiress, yet her heart was exactly the same. Hers was a nature which neither disappointment nor success could alter.

The tour of the Temple Theatrical Company was ended, but before her lay the impenetrable future, and the young girl's brain was busy with the possibilities which wealth had brought her, while she grieved at parting with such dear companions.

THE END.

Our readers will be interested to know what use Marion made of her newly-acquired wealth. Her theatrical career was now finished, at least for the time being, and the company was returning to New York. Marion's further adventures will be told in next week's MY QUEEN (No. 27). The story will be entitled, "A Wonderful Secret; or, Marion Marlowe's Discovery."

PATTERN COLUMN.

By special arrangements with the manufacturers we are enabled to supply the readers of MY QUEEN with the patterns of all garments described or illustrated in this column at TEN CENTS each. Address, "Pattern Column," MY QUEEN, 238 William Street, New York City.

☞ *In ordering patterns be sure to give size and number.*

FASHION NOTES.

French chalk can be used on any color without injury.

The front of the new shirt-waist is long-waisted and full.

Deep girdles made of many kinds of materials are very fashionable.

Corduroy suits are very fashionable just now in gray, tan and olive shades.

Silks should always be cleaned before being used again, even for a lining.

If your coat has revers on it which are losing their shape, run a fine boning around the edge.

Narrow stripes are the proper thing. But flannel shirt-waists are dotted and seldom striped.

If you have any old black woolen gowns, rip them up, brush them and then soak them in soapsuds. Do not rub on a washing board. While damp, iron them on the wrong side, and when dry, the goods will be as good as new.

Perhaps the skirt is too short. But accordeon plaiting is popular, so buy some taffeta and put it on, say, six inches deep. This plaiting should be sewed to the lining, which should be made as a drop skirt. Cut the silk over it in deep scallops. Rows of black velvet can be used in finishing the skirt.

Another way to lengthen the skirt is to add two narrow circular ruffles.

No. 2411—LADY'S MILITARY SHORT WAIST.

The popular dashing military effect is given to this model by the gilt braid and buttons on the front edges and collar. Flannel cloth, mohair, serge or taffeta in navy blue, hunting green or scarlet should be selected for this style of waist.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires four yards of 21-inch, three and one-fourth yards of 27-inch, or two yards of 34-inch material, with one and three-fourth yards of wide and one and one-half yards of narrow braid.

No. 2450—LADY'S ONE-PIECE SKIRT.

Hunter's green vienna was selected for showing this model. It is cut in a modified circular shape, and should be worn over a silk petticoat or a separate gored lining. The top of the skirt is fitted by thirteen tucks on each side, and the back is fitted smoothly. The lower edge has two tucks just above the edge, making a very pretty effect at the foot. All dress fabrics except very heavy qualities could be used for the model.

The model is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches, waist measure. Size 24 requires 9 yards of 21-inch, or 4 3-4 yards of 42-inch material.

No. 2451—LADY'S SHIRT-WAIST.

(To be made with or without fitted lining.)

This shows a very pretty and simple style of shirt-waist in embroidered red cashmere. The front has two pleats on each side, the back is seamless, and has the fullness gathered in at the waist. The sleeve is in the new bishop style, finished, with a pointed cuff, the point drooping over the hand. The model is adapted to flannel, cloth, poplin and other light-weight wool or silk.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42-inch bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3-4 yards of 21-inch or 1 7-8 yards of 41-inch material, with 1-2 yard of velvet.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY

GRACE SHIRLEY

NOTE.—This department is a special feature of this publication, and it will be appreciated, we feel sure, by all our readers. It is conducted by Miss Shirley, whose remarkable ability to answer all questions, no matter how delicate the import, is well known. Readers of "MY QUEEN" need not hesitate to write her on any subject. Miss Shirley will have their interests at heart and will never refuse her assistance or sympathy. As all letters are answered only through the columns of "MY QUEEN," it is unnecessary to enclose stamps.

So many letters are being received by Miss Shirley requiring answers in this department that we shall have to ask our correspondents to limit their letters to 200 words, in order that all may be answered. STREET & SMITH.

A few years ago a young architect who had been a schoolmate of mine began making calls at my home. We would spend the evening with the rest of the family. He would often talk of our coming marriage, but as he always spoke before my parents, I would turn it in a joke, and change the subject. The last time he asked me was again before my parents, and I told him it would never be. He has now stopped coming completely. I meet him quite often on the street, but we simply bow, I being too independent to talk first. Do you think, dear Miss Shirley, that he really cared for me and should he not have waited until we were alone to speak on such a subject?

MAY C.

Of course, the young man would have shown more delicacy if he had waited until you were alone before proposing, but, as he never saw you except with your parents, possibly he "made a virtue of necessity." You do not seem to have made it very easy for him to do otherwise. Some men can make opportunities for themselves, but others have to be assisted. Perhaps, if you speak to him the next time you meet, he will resume his calls, and then you can use your womanly tact in making the circumstances more propitious for love-making.

If there is such a girl as Marion Marlowe, will you please send her photo, as I am very anxious to see her, and will return it the next day. Miss Shirley, if you have more than one photo of Marion, will you please give it to me, and I will send the cash for it. E. U

We are sorry that we cannot at present send you a photograph of Marion. Will not the picture of her on the covers of "My Queen" do? No picture could quite do justice to Marion, but you will find descriptions of her beauty in the various issues, and your imagination can doubtless help you to determine exactly how she looks.

I am a schoolgirl seventeen years old and have been going with a young man for nearly two years. Last night he asked me to marry him. He is well off, has good moral principles, and has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life, but because his father was a drunkard, my mother does not want me to marry him. I love this young man very much, and I know that he loves me. Do you think it would be wrong for me to marry him against my mother's wishes?

BESSIE R. M.

We do not blame your mother, in the least, for she has every reason in the world to fear the results of such a marriage Our advice to you is to wait a while. You are entirely too young to think of marrying yet, and if, in two or three years, your lover is still a total abstainer, we shall feel that the danger for him is over.

Will you please decide a question in etiquette for me. A man friend whom I have known for some years has recently become married. I have called him by his first name for a long time, but when I did so the other day his wife flushed and looked very indignant. Please let me know if it was improper. CORA T. K.

You did nothing improper. If it was the custom to call your friend by his first name before marriage, it is proper now. The next time you address him you might turn to her and say that you have known her husband so long that you speak of him by his first name because he is such an old friend of yours—or some such remark, which will explain to her the exact nature of your familiarity.

I am a young girl of sixteen and go out in company a great deal. I am pretty well built, but my face is a little too stout. Can you tell me what to do to reduce its size. EDYTHE C.

You are probably only a reasonably plump girl for your age. Don't worry about your face. When you are a few years older, it will probably grow more delicate, naturally, and this will be much better than if you endeavored to reduce its plumpness by artificial means.

I am eighteen years of age, and the one great desire of my life has been to become an actress. My parents object very seriously to this, and wish me to teach school, but I think in the choice of a life work no one can choose for me. My father will soon expect me to support myself, and I

have been offered a small part in a stock company in this city, but he will not allow me to accept it. IVY.

You seem like an ambitious woman, and your letter is a very sensible one. We would advise you to be guided, as far as possible, by your parents' advice. However, if your father expects you to support yourself, we should think you ought to have some say in determining the kind of work you are to take up.

I am a typewriter girl in the employ of a lawyer who is married. He persists in offering me various attentions, giving me flowers and other presents. Should I accept them? He has also offered me a pair of jeweled garters, 'with the usual privileges.' What does he mean by 'the usual privileges'? I shall look for an early reply. GEORGIA W.

We are, indeed, sorry to hear that you are so unfortunately situated and advise you to have a very serious talk with your unprincipled employer, as soon as possible. Any man who will insist upon paying attentions where they are not wanted is sadly lacking in manliness, and for a man to present a young lady with a pair of garters is a sufficient breach of etiquette without the addition of the insult which you mention.

Return the articles to him at once, if they are in your possession and ask him what he would do to a man who would offer his daughter a similar insult. We sincerely hope that you will not be obliged to give up your position, but would advise you to be ready to do so at his next intimation of familiarity.

I am a young girl of eighteen with blue eyes, and the men say I am very good looking. For a year and a half I have been engaged to a young gentleman who has been very kind to me, but of late he has grown cold, and I would like your advice as to whether he cares for me any more or not. He is twenty years old and has no bad habits except he cares very much for flirting. ANNA M. B.

Do not trust to all that men say to you, for the tongue, with some, is a deceitful member. If the young man you speak of is a flirt, we advise you to break your engagement. It may be that he has tired of his bonds and wishes to be free. You were both too young to enter into an engagement.

I am acquainted with two young men, one is dark and pretty, the other light and homely. They both say they are in love with me, but I am in love with my light-complexioned friend. I am very dark and the girls in the shop say I am very handsome. I have a girl friend who is very light and who is in love with my light-complexioned friend also. He has asked me to marry him, but I have not given him a decided answer. I would not like to harm my girl friend as I like her very much. MADELINE.
Cambridge, Mass.

If the young man has shown a sufficiently decided interest in you to ask you to marry him, we do not see that your girl friend has any claim on him whatsoever. As she does not own his love, you cannot take it away from her, and you should not let a feeling of pity make two lives miserable. Too much sentiment is quite as bad as too little. Consider your conscience first, in love as in everything.

I am a young man of twenty-two and am desperately in love with a young lady of eighteen. This young lady loves me and we would marry but for her parents, who are opposed to our marriage. Will you kindly advise me what to do? We are now thinking of running away and getting married, but would rather have the consent of her parents. C. B. D.
B——, Conn.

You are very wise to prefer an open, honorable course to a secret one, and we advise you to wait patiently until you have won the consent of your sweetheart's parents. You are both young enough to afford to wait, and, no doubt, when they see how constant you are to each other, both father and mother will bless your union.

I have no one to go to but you for advice. I have read "My Queen" for a long time, and read each number over two or three times. I can hardly wait until they come out. I would like very much to meet a girl like Marion, but I fear there are but few of them. I am very much in love with a girl, but she still seems happy without me. She does many mean things to me and to her friends. For her sake, I would like to break her of her mean ways. Please advise me.
Schenectady, N. Y. JAMES J. H

We judge from your letter that you are the right sort of friend for a girl to have and are sorry that the young woman does not appreciate you. Possibly a few gentle hints or an earnest, kindly talk will help to work a reformation. If she persists in doing "mean things," you will only waste time by thinking of her and will do well to interest yourself in some other direction.

I am a young lady of eighteen, and am very good-looking. Have a dark complexion and am of medium height. I know a young gentleman that I think very much of. I go to his house quite often and when I am with him he treats me very well, but my friends tell me that he keeps company with another young lady. Every time I ask him he says, "No." How can I tell if he loves me? JOSEPHINE.
Cambridgeport, Mass.

You can hardly expect the young man to treat you other than well in his own house, but how does it happen that you do the calling? Probably the young man knows as much about his own actions as your friends can possibly know and we advise you to take his word and not listen to gossip If the young man loves you, he will tell you in due time. Do not force your affection nor your company upon him.

I am in great trouble. I am "cut dead" by all our set, and I know I am to blame. Last month a young man I have known for a year or so asked

me to come over to his house to play games with himself and some girl and boy friends. He asked me to stay after they all had gone. He sat in the parlor with me and said he loved me very much. He put his arm around me and kissed me, then he put his arm over my shoulder. I told him to stop, but he would not. I will not tell the rest, but last week he asked me over again and I would not go. He said he would get even and now he has told every one in our set and I am "cut." I am sixteen years old. He has some power over me. ERMA H.

——, Illinois.

We hardly know how to answer your letter through the columns of public print, for there is so much that we are anxious to say to you. We advise you to go at once to your mother and father and tell them how this fellow has treated you. The "set" that you speak of must be composed of most contemptible people, if they will tolerate such a tattling cur among them, and you need not feel distressed over the "cut" they have given you. No sixteen-year-old girl is able to take care of herself, and you should never go out evenings without some one to protect you. Never, never allow yourself to come into that fellow's presence again, and be very careful in the future with whom you associate. If you have no mother or father, go at once to your guardian or nearest relative and do your best to get the miscreant punished, but as quietly as possible. Tell your legal protector the facts, but no one else.

I have read "My Queen" since it has been issued, and would like to ask a few questions. I am a young girl quite good-looking and am keeping company with a wealthy young man. I am only a working girl, and as his relatives are wealthy they try to take him from me. What shall I do? He says he loves me dearly and will not give me up. I have done my best to separate from him, but he always comes back.

Springfield, Mass. GRACE M.

There is no reason in the world why he or you should consider his relatives. You cannot marry to please every one, so, if you marry to please yourself, you will be doing your whole duty. If you are a good, kind and loving girl, I can see no reason why his relatives should object to you. It must be your motto in life to make your husband proud of you and then, some day, his relatives, too, will respect you.

I am a man about thirty-five years old and I am in love with two nice young girls about twenty and twenty-five years old, and as I can't throw one down and marry the other I have decided to throw them both down and get a new girl, but I thought I would write you for some advice regarding this. The one I have picked out is a young lady about twenty years old who has four children. Her husband has been dead about a year. Please advise me. JOS. N.

A——, N. Y.

Your letter is one of the strangest that we have ever received. In reading it over, we were about deciding that you were absolutely incapable of honest love when you suddenly turn into a full-fledged philanthropist. We certainly approve of your "throwing down" the two young ladies, although we trust that you will perform the feat as gently as possible. If you wish to assume the care of the widow and the fatherless, we have no objections. You do not seem to be the kind that suffers much from affection, but we hope and trust that you will be good to the children.

I am in love with one of the dearest fellows on earth and his name is Allie, but he makes me unhappy because of his jealousy. Can you tell me some way to drive out this sentiment?

Providence, R. I. KATE M. R.

We are afraid that you cannot cure this young man of his fault—he must cure himself, there is no other alternative. Jealousy is a morbid condition of the mind which is very dangerous to every one concerned, therefore we advise you not to arouse or submit to it.

I am engaged to be married to the sweetest girl in the world and have been for a year. I have a ranch about fifty miles from this place and have about eight hundred head of cattle. She wants me to sell my ranch and cattle and come to town, and I am afraid if I do I will want to go back. Please advise. J. T. C.

A——, Texas.

You must consider your business interests first, as it behooves you to look well to your future finances, if you are thinking of marrying. Secondly, you must study your own temperament and inclinations and refrain from doing that which will make you unhappy. We do not advise you to make yourself miserable or endanger your prospects because of a woman's whim. It will be far more sensible for you not to marry. Possibly a good, long, candid talk with your lady love will determine your actions.

I am a young girl of sixteen and am in love with a young man six years my senior. I am too young to think of marrying, but would like a little advice of how to win this man's love. He is a perfect gentleman—good, religious, industrious and has no bad habits. He takes great interest in me and has told me things he would not tell everybody. When he speaks to me, I answer him short, but never show any signs of my affection. I meet him quite often. It seems as though he tries to see me on purpose, as he has told me he sees me when I do not see him. He seems in every way to show great respect for me. Do you think he loves me? Kindly give me your opinion. VIOLA C.

New York City.

The young man is apparently very much interested, and we advise you to allow him to take his own course. As you say, you are too young to marry and, consequently, you are too young for any declaration of love, so it is best that your friendship should remain just as it is for the present.

How many numbers are there to "My Queen?" Is Marion going to be married ever and which

number will she be married in? Please answer in next issue. ROSA E. H.
Mapleton, Minn.

There is no doubt in the world that Marion will marry, for, with all her charming lovers, how will she be able to help it? But do you think it would be fair to anticipate her destiny? Some week, when you least expect it, she will give you a hint of her heart, but at present, she is like many another beautiful girl of her age—too thoroughly mystified by love to be capable of loving. You ask how many numbers there are to "My Queen." Like all other publications, that depends entirely upon the appreciation of our readers. We have no intention of stopping it at present.

I am a reader of "My Queen," and I think it is the best book published. I am thirty-nine years old, dress plain and don't drink, but the ladies won't have anything to do with me. They say I am old-fashioned. I would like to correspond with Miss Amanda L. P. I read her letter in "My Queen," No. 15. I am a hard-working man and can give the best of references to say whether I am all right or not. Hurrah for "My Queen!"
G——, Iowa. FRANK T. R.

If being "old-fashioned" is your only fault, we are willing to predict that you will not stay long a bachelor. There are scores of deserving girls who adore old-fashioned men and, no doubt, you will soon come across one of their number. We shall not look up your references, for we know you are "all right," because you would not "Hurrah" for "My Queen," if you were not. We cannot introduce you to Amanda L. K., as the "My Queen Correspondence Department" is not a matrimonial bureau.

I am a young girl of twenty-one, and I am in love with a married man, and my love is returned. I went out with him several times secretly He doesn't live happily with his wife. He said that she was always fighting with him, and he does not like to fight. He would do anything for me as I would for him, as I love him dearly and he loves me the same. Please advise me what to do, as I do not wish to do more wrong than I have done. I have an engagement with him, but I first ask your advice. F. K.
New York, N. Y.

My dear, you are in a very dangerous position. What possible pleasure can you derive from the society of a man who speaks of the woman he has promised to "love, cherish and honor" in a disrespectful manner. Married men may be unhappy and with good cause, but to tattle their woes abroad, and, especially, in the ears of silly young girls, betrays a lack of both good breeding and manliness. We advise you to cease going out with this man entirely, as you are only injuring yourself and your chance of future happiness. You may think that you love him, but we fear you are merely infatuated. You could not love a man unless you respected him, and no man is worthy of respect who will play "fast and loose" with a young girl's reputation.

I am a young lady of sixteen and am deeply in love with a young gentleman of eighteen. At one time he loved me very much and we were a very sweet couple indeed. I gave him all the privileges he asked, and he accepted them eagerly; but—oh, help me now, for I need help badly, for, although we were to be married in June, he is growing cold and hardly ever comes to see me! I work in one of the large department stores, and at one time he came in to see me every day, and now I never see him there. How can I win him back to me? I am completely wrapped up in his love and can not win him back to me. I have not talked the matter over with mother, although she knows he is my steady company. Would you advise me to speak to her? Kindly bestow a word of pity upon SADIE K.
Newark, N. J.

Alas! Sadie, poor child, you have loved not wisely and too well, and you must suffer the consequences of your fatal error! What a pity that you had not made a confidante of your mother a long time ago. Then, perhaps, this wretched condition would never have come upon you. Tell her, by all means, and do not spare yourself, either. It will hurt her cruelly, but she deserves to be hurt. She should have looked after her ignorant child more carefully. I am sorry I cannot talk to you, Sadie, as you do, indeed, need both advice and pity.

I am a young girl, nineteen years of age, and considered pretty. I live in Passaic and work in Paterson as a saleslady. When coming home from my work yesterday I walked a little way. My road was lonely and I fancied I was being followed. As I turned, a handsome, refined young man stepped up and spoke to me. Then he put his arms around me. I gave a scream which frightened him so that he left me. I have met him a good many times, but I have never been introduced. I love him dearly, but I shall never speak to him until he can secure an introduction. What shall I do, Miss Shirley, with the men who follow me and make threats? Should I leave work in Paterson and try to get a position in New York. MADELINE.
Passaic, N. J.

My poor child, what shall I say to you? To think that you openly confess a love for a loafer who has insulted you! It does not seem possible! Are you not familiar with the terrible tragedy so recently enacted in Paterson, the cruel death or murder of Jennie Bosscheiter by a lot of these same rowdies? Go to the police, both of Paterson and Passaic, and give them full descriptions of your annoyers. Have you no father or brothers who can protect you? We do not advise you to come to New York, as it is evident that you are not able to protect yourself, and there are many dangers in a big city.

Seven years ago I met a gentleman, and in a few months we had grown to love each other and became engaged. Bert had a friend who was with a large express company, and I learned that

for years he had been taking packages and money that did not belong to him, and I tried to get Bert to give up his friendship. One evening when Bert had just called to take me to the theatre a messenger boy came with a note saying his friend wanted him to call at the office at once. Bert went, and I waited for him until eleven o'clock when his friend came in and told me that Bert had been arrested and asked me to help him. I gave him what money I had and he got away. I found out that when Bert got to the office his friend handed him two or three packages and asked him to take them to his wife. Bert started with them, but was arrested before he got out of sight. He was tried and sent to prison for five years. If he had told how those packages got in his pocket he would have been free, but he would not go back on his friend or let me tell. After two years and a half we got him pardoned out, and the day he came home we were married. He has a good position and makes good pay, but does not give me as much money as I would like to dress on, and when he does he talks about it for a long time afterwards. He seems to have forgotten all that I went through for him. He does not like me to speak of the past, as he says he wants to forget it. What had I better do—let things go as they are or say something? Did I do right to marry him when I loved him? I lost all my friends by it. I would like to have about five dollars a week for myself, and he can afford it, so don't you think he ought to give it to me? FRANKIE.

Boston, Mass.

You certainly did right to marry him, if you loved him. We would advise you to talk matters over plainly with your husband. Show him how you have given up everything for him and how he has failed in his duty to you. If he has a good salary, he certainly ought to be willing to make you the allowance you mention.

I am a man of twenty-four and my sweetheart is three years my senior. I am in a dilemma as to my intentions, which I assure you have been the noblest and most manly. As I cannot give her as good a home as she has now I am timid about declaring myself. I am not ready to get married and won't be for several years as I do not want to have the responsibilities of a family on wind, and will, therefore, not make rash promises. I have been occupying the girl's time, and she has been true to me and abstained from other men's attentions. Am I doing right to take her time knowing that I am not in a position to marry? I want to do what is right by her, but cannot before my bank account warrants it, which will be at least four years hence.

Pittsburg, Pa. ROBERT X. B.

You are perfectly right in not wishing to assume the responsibilities of married life "on wind." We would advise you to tell the young lady your position as frankly as you have told it to us, and explain to her that you do not want to stand in the way of more eligible suitors. If you are both willing to wait, you will probably find the result satisfactory enough to repay you for waiting. You are not the only man whose desires have run ahead of his bank account, and, perhaps, your sweetheart will encourage you by helping you to get them even.

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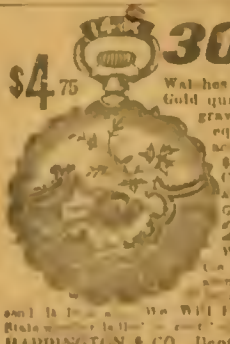

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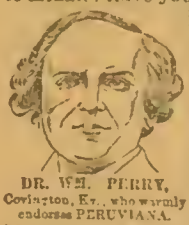

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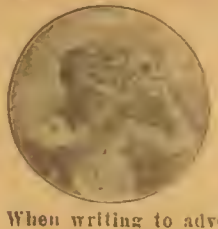

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